

# Me

Juice WRLD

Oh, oh, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Hold on bae wait  
Hold on bae wait  
Hold on  
TheBeatAsylum  
Running out of, uh  
See me  
I ain't ever runnin' out of money, me  
I'ma always keep this shit one hundred, me  
I don't walk it baby, I'ma run it, me  
Yeah  
Joey Rock Marley

Me  
I ain't ever runnin' out of money, me  
I'ma always keep this shit one hundred, me  
I don't walk it baby girl, I run it, me  
It's me  
I ain't ever runnin' out of money, me  
I'ma always keep this shit one hundred, me  
I don't walk it baby girl I run it, me (Ayy, ayy)  
It's me  
I ain't ever runnin' out of money, me  
I'ma always keep this shit one hundred, me  
I don't walk it baby girl I run it, me (Ayy)

She told me she in love with me, and that's lovely  
She kinda bad, but her attitude ugly to, me  
I'm fuckin' that bitch then I leave  
And she can't believe (Yeah)  
Houdini it's me  
Abracadabra, put the pussy on the platter  
I thought the bitch was security, the way she give me pat downs  
All I ever do is rap now, yeah I had to put the packs down  
It's me, rockstar out the trap house

I ain't ever runnin' out of money, me  
I'ma always keep this shit one hundred, me  
I don't walk it baby girl I run it, me (Ayy, ayy)  
It's me  
I ain't ever runnin' out of money, me  
I'ma always keep this shit one hundred, me  
I don't walk it baby girl I run it, me (Ayy)

She wanna get in my ride, it ain't for me to decide  
Babe if the feelin' is right, you can do whatever you like  
That's on me, as long as we keepin it lowkey  
And we dodgin the police, cause they think that they know me  
When they don't even know me  
No, no, no  
I ain't goin out sad  
I'm winnin' and makin' them mad  
I know some bitches that do anything for the cash  
Last night was so fun, yeah I had a blast  
Damn they gotta run it back  
I remember doin' xan bars in class, I ain't wanna do the math

I'm with niggas that be takin' other niggas cash  
Put the money in the bag  
Hit his bitch from the back, she ain't know how to act  
Kick her out after that  
Then run up a check in my durag  
All these niggas be stealin' the Juice swag  
They lookin' like how did he do that, got a gun in my hand I'ma shoot that  
All these niggas got something to prove, but I know they ain't finna prove t  
hat  
He tellin' me what he gon' do, but I know he ain't finna do that  
And we ain't got nothing to lose, my niggas pull up and they shoot  
It ain't my fault I got more money than you do  
I told her handle my dirty work, baby go make yourself useful  
I be livin' in the fast lane, shit you ain't used to  
Hey, I ain't lookin for a main thing, I'm tryna use you